SUMMER'S OVER

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/tuesdaysclosetsu7251stud

I'm walking down a road.
You're walking it, too.
Each of us is alone.
It is a long road---
Full of holes and ruts to trip us.
There is no life, no color,
No warmth or shelter from storm.
Sometimes a bitter wind nearly
blows us over.
It is cold and hard and lonely.

Then, you call my name.
I turn and take your hand in mine.
No longer alone---
The road is suddenly smooth beneath
our feet.
Trees grow green, green, green
And flowers bloom.
The sun shines brightly and the bitter
wind becomes a gentle breeze.

And loneliness is no more.

This is what it means to be friends.

Julie

Life seems to be a one way street
You always have two choices, but
One's sour and the other sweet.

So instead of taking the bitter sour
You always go with the favorite sweet
And so you come to the end of the road
And that's the hour.

The hour of your defeat
For the sour taste
May sometimes put a smile on
Someone's face.

Name

To Michele from Mama

You are flesh of my flesh
And bone of my bone.
Before you were born,
I couldn't imagine life with you.
Now that you are here,
I wouldn't consider living without you.
I Love You.

Julie

There once was a man of Green Bay
Who had hair made of hay,
When a match was lighted,
His hay hair ignited,
Thus ended the bald man's toupee!

JRH

Tuesday's Closet
October 25, 1976
Seventh Issue, 150 copies

Tuesday's Closet is an Avila literary magazine. Items may be submitted for publication, at the Information Booth in Upper Marian Centre, where copies may also be obtained.

An editorial policy material submitted under a pen name or initials, is entirely welcome, but is subject to editorial approval

Credit is due to Chris McCauley for printing this issue, and Kharlee Kool for helping manufacture the cover. All my sincerest, Wagner.

SOFTLY I LEAVE

Softly, I leave him,
Not wanting to awaken.
Softly, I leave him,
Not wanting to disturb.

Gently, I whisper farewell,
Not wanting to be heard.
Gently, I whisper farewell,
Not wanting to disturb.

Quickly, I run from him,
Not wanting to be caught.
Quickly, I run from him,
Not wanting to be revealed.

For, I love him,
God, yes, I love him.
But softly, I <u>leave</u> him,
Not wanting to be hurt.

(ER)

Phineas vaulted a rainbow,
And shot through morning's doors.
As the sky whistled him down
The earth marched up to meet his slippered
feet.

Then this golden gleaming boy
Gathered dirt and new mown hay
Upon himself and so became a man.
Tested himself as he stood solid on ground.

No longer the boy could've leapt through
starfields.
He shouted straight up a thousand miles
It's life you ancient fools up there!
I've set upon the world and it owns me!

Then turned upon this wheated Kansas
countryside.
And near a still pond his eyes engaged a
woman slender.
So that this wizard's tick- a spiraled tin
spring
Did draw the frost before her gaze and so
become a heart.

Were loosed the grasses' nestled air
As he did draw close to this day's wife.
And drew round her tender shoulders
That he might taste her breath.

But tricked- swallowed down by slickened
tongue!
Then lodged within her throat so hot
He tore the body from the boy, strangled
wretched heart!
And screamed in iced vacuum swirled through
frozen space.

John Wagner

October did its annual thing.
Our pastime's crowning gem,
That now has turned to Bowie's fling,
And stadium mayhem.
The New York Yanks,
American's best,
Did on the scene arrive
To test the vaunted
Big Red Machine,
And try to just survive.
Then came John Bench,
And Morgan
To boast of mighty claim,
They felt the Yanks
Would easy fall,
The Reds retaining fame.
Game one proved that expectedness,
Redlegs could do no wrong,
The contest much one-sided,
As the Yanks sang their sad song.
Old Catfish pitched on Sunday night
To try and change the mood,
But came the dread ninth inning,
Cincy, 2-0, in the feud.

Game three was repetition,
The Machine was running strong,
And on the eve of number four,
Most Yankee hope was gone.
The rain washed out the first night
That game four was to be played,
And the Yankees felt, perhaps, with rain,
Momentum would be swayed,
But, alas, arrived the climax,
New York splitting at the seams,
And with John Bench the hero,
Cincinnati's fulfilled dreams,
Their hope of total victory,
Their second year as World Champs,
With wild celebrations
In those South Ohio camps.
And, oh yes, Yanks,
In case you dream of next year's dream
come true,
Best beware a proud, triumphant bunch,
Arrayed in Royal Blue,
For your Waterloo in Cowtown
Waits for next September's call
When Kansas City Royals
Will be victors over all.

Steve Sexton

I lost a friend yesterday, not because we couldn't
get along, not because she was too busy or
I not busy enough, but because we shared
the same interests and wants.
So, I in an effort to release some of the tension
between us, we deceided not to associate.
how! terrible!
Why is it that people must stay away from each other
to try to aviod hurting. While all the time n
no one's ever really happy or uneffecter at all.
So now we must pretend that it's only our names and
faces we remember and forget the hearts we both
both have touched.
I'm alone now.
It's just as well.
No one will enter my life.
And I'll stay out of their's .
I'm a shell

The Fly

Buzz Buzz

Buzz Buzz Buzz

Buzz Buzz

Buzz Buzz Buzz

Buzzzzzzzzzzzz

zzzzzzzzz(smack)

Karlee

winter silence

cold, so still, so quiet

departing migrating sounds

winter calling cards

Karlee

So pure a time
To feel emotions free,
The touch of warmth,
And movement
All in one.
The lights so dim,
The music soft and low,
The rhythm's drone,
And all the crowd,
A ghost.
Slow dancing,
Turn upon smooth turn
We flow,
The fast-paced future,
Past,
All standing still,
And one
In frozen time
Our two hearts go,
To be so high
That clouds
Become the floor.
Slow dancing,
Flaming,
Bursting feelings peak,
Until so precious melody
Is gone,
Yet knowing still
That closeness
That we seek,
Our inner dance,
Still floating,
Going on.

Steve Sexton

I'll miss you....

I will miss.....
the butterflies tickling every
flower's belly button in sight.

I will miss.....
the stars slipping dwindling
out of the still of the night.

I will miss.....
the sun smiling giving life
and play.

I will miss.....
the water that shows reflections
of lives as they really are.

I will miss.....
tomorrow because it will
never come for me to see
all of them.

But most of all I will miss.....
you when I go away.

Ever not to see you
again---bye.....

Kharlee'

To catch
At some far time,
Your touching glance
And knowing smile
Would be
To my anxious thought
Such high reward.
Yet now,
Unknowing me in depth,
You weekly fill our time
With trivia's words.
I trade
The day's played part
With you,
And bide my time
In hope
Of touching home.
True feelings wait
To know
That point of touch,
And seeking soon,
So precious gift,
Your self.

Steve Sexton